

Ascending Heaven

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Ascending Heaven

by [dnfsinner](#)

Summary

When George agreed to come to a baseball game with his friends, he never thought it would end up with one of the star players shoving their tongue down his throat as he's kissed silly. But he's thankful for it.

Or, Dream plays baseball, and George finds him attractive.

Notes

i hit 800+ on twt so this is all for you guys <3

this is inspired by gnftavi's "[Cane Sugar](#)"

not betaed

enjoy :)

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

The crowd's shrill cheers and the unbearable heat of the Orlando air would have been insufferable if it hadn't been for the baseball player that looks oh-so-tempting in his jersey.

George has never considered himself to be a sports fanatic. With how he always stays locked up in his house, curtains closed to block out the sun's yellow rays, and his computer idly open to whatever, he doesn't have the time or energy to indulge himself in the activities of petty sports. He doesn't want to either way.

But sometimes, he'll make exceptions for his friends who seem to enjoy it more than he does.

Cheers of victory erupt through the stadium's stands every time their chosen team hits a home run or scores a point, and every time, George has to stop himself from yelling at everyone to shut the fuck up. It's a game for god's sake. He can't control everything even if he wishes he could.

Bad and Sapnap cheer along with their respected team, the Green Guardians, while George sits back and admires that one boy that caught his eye only moments ago. Number twenty-four. Blond, muscular, and so fucking hot — probably hotter than the sun. George doesn't know his name, but he wants to. He wants to know what beautiful title the player has been deemed with for all of his life — wants to see if it's just as hot as his face. George assumes it would.

Boiling rays of yellow burn the back of George's neck, acting like a big, warm blanket that's too uncomfortable to deal with but is a bitch to kick off. George would spend the rest of the game in the air-conditioned bathrooms if he hadn't promised his friends he would watch it with them.

Number twenty-four steps up to the home plate, tapping the tip of the metal baseball bat down on the mat covered in red dirt and imprints of cleats. He brings it up to the air, swinging it around in minute motions as he steadies himself for the ball's impact that the pitcher is warming up to throw.

The stadium is all but quiet, yelling out cheers of encouragement to the batter while the other side chants some idiom that's meant to serve as a distraction, but it doesn't look as if it's working. The man seems to be in his own world, separate from the crowd.

"Isn't that, like, banned or something?" George inquires to his friends. He didn't know much about sports, but he swears there's a rule somewhere that permits distractions.

"I dunno," Sapnap shrugs, throwing a few kernels of popcorn in his mouth, "maybe."

A striking crack roams through the air once the pitcher throws the ball at a pace that would have George cowering and diving out of the way if it had been directed towards him. Number twenty-four hits the oncoming ball with a strength that has it being launched across the field. He drops his bat without a second thought and sprints to first base.

George finds himself cheering along with the crowd without meaning to. His friends throw him a look of confusion laced with excitement.

"I thought you didn't like sports, George?" Bad probes, nudging his side.

The small smile that George didn't know slid over his face drops. "I don't," he says, "but I can indulge myself whilst I'm forced to be here."

Bad snickers, turning the attention back to the game. The guy now settles at third base, another batter already taking his place at home. He's hunched over, flicking his eyes between the pitcher and his teammate, ready to run to the finish line the moment he's presented with the opportunity.

Fans continue to cheer, the noise an ocean of chants and screams that George doesn't find as irritable anymore. Instead, he's a part of that ocean, middling with the fish.

A rough voice screams from behind, far in the stadium but still loud enough to be heard. "Let's go, Dream!"

Number twenty-four throws a look in the direction of the sound, peering past George with a smirk on his face. George almost wishes the man would meet his eye, wanting to feel the nervous rush of adrenaline he can get from the moment they lock gazes. But alas, the boy isn't looking at him.

More shouts erupt from that one, all praising the man seemingly named Dream, which George can only assume that it's the man he's been ogling the last hour.

George lets his eyes wander down for a moment, appreciating the sight of toned muscles that ripple underneath green and white polyester. It's captivating to see how his biceps flex with minor movements of his arms, and George finds it rather appealing to know that the man, *Dream*, is definitely stronger than him.

That thought alone has his mind running laps. Because somehow, Dream fits every impossibly high standard that George has placed for his partners, and his looks just barely scratch the surface.

When he picks his gaze back to the player's face, George is shocked to find Dream staring right at him, sly smirk growing wider the moment eye contact is initiated. It brings a rush of adrenaline that he craved moments ago, nerves flushing his face with the color of perfect roses that can be blamed on the heat of the sun if asked.

Thrilling shivers crawl across George's skin, an unbearing tension rising from the humiliation of being caught checking out the hot baseball player. There's *something* behind Dream's eyes that George just can't place in his dumb little head, and it makes him break the staring contest in a shameful defeat of cards, his face probably redder than it should've been.

Metal cracks once more, and though George isn't paying attention anymore, he knew Dream was sprinting to home base from the racket of cheers that fall through the crowd. George also knew he made it from how the screams grew louder.

George dares to look back to the field, finding Dream jogging to the benches with a toothy grin. Black grease smears underneath his eyes, mostly from wiping away the bullets of sweat that form over his face. Arguably, it's all too hot for George to handle, and it's not the sun that seems to be the cause of his problems this time.

"George?" Sapnap's voice calls out, penetrating through his mind with a roughness that isn't particularly appreciated. He turns his head in the direction of his friend, hoping the unnatural red casting over his face isn't too noticeable. "You good?"

Cocking his head, George replies with, "Yeah, why wouldn't I be?"

"You just look...sick? I dunno."

George scoffs, leaning back in his chair. "It's hotter than hell out here, Sap. Of course, I look sick. I'm not used to the weather being like this."

"That's because all you do is stay inside you muffin," Bad interjects, flicking George on the forehead.

His eyes fall back to the hut Dream is in, chugging a bottle of water. The liquid visibly slips from

the corners of his mouth, dripping down his chin, to his neck, and George couldn't stop the impurity of his thoughts running rampant even if he wanted to.

"Well, I'm glad I came with you guys," he mumbles, just barely loud enough for Sapnap to unfortunately catch.

Teasing on the edge of a laugh, Sapnap pokes fun at George. "That's only because you've been eye-fucking that poor player the entire time."

"What?" George's mouth falls open, his head snapping to look at Sapnap with the most hate-filled expression he can muster up. "I have *not!*"

"Yes, you have!" Sapnap throws bits of popcorn at George's face. "You can't even try and deny it."

With a weak protest, George crosses his arms over his chest and sinks lower into his chair, his eyes returning to the attractive figure he would never get tired of admiring.

Sapnap's right; he can't deny it. He can't deny that he favors number twenty-four's looks rather than the game because he does. But if anyone was in his position, they couldn't blame him. Dream is attractive, above all things.

The way he moves in just the right way to have his muscles flexing under his baseball jersey, the way gloved fingers wrap around the base of his silver bat, the way he hits the ball with unrelenting wrath that cracks the air like thunder. All of it is so effortlessly attractive.

Blond hair lazily curls out from underneath Dream's baseball cap in perfect strands. His face distorts to something of pure joy as George watches how he laughs inaudibly at something his teammate says. Watches how his smile grows wider and the corners of his eyes wrinkle up in a way that's all-too-pristine to be real.

How can someone so godly be a real person?

"Fuck," George punches out, breathless above all things.

Pleats of various floral arrangements bloom green petals in George's heart, shaping the number '*twenty-four*' under his skin in pretty cursive. It almost hurts in some odd way, thorny stems poking with unrelenting intent, scattering his blood with something akin to arousal.

Ivory scrapes at his bottom lip, pulling the silky flesh tight under the pressure of his teeth as his eyes roam down Dream's body once more.

George has always enjoyed how his partners would be bigger than him, and Dream definitely fits that criteria. He's fit, athletic, tall, and George wants nothing more in this world than to be under him. He wants Dream to cover his small-framed body, hold his wrists down with one hand, kiss his neck and fuck him in a way that Dream's cock would be seen poking from his stomach. Then maybe he could die a happy man.

Fuck, not now, George. You're in public.

"Georgie," Sapnap calls, "stop having dirty fantasies about the man."

Rolling his eyes, George hits Sapnap's shoulder with the back of his hand. "Shut up, dude. I'm not having dirty fantasies." Sapnap giggles, starting up a conversation with Bad and leaving George alone.

For some odd reason, George doesn't have it in him to tear his gaze away from Dream. He focuses on the way Dream's hands fiddle with the cap of his water bottle, resting his elbows on the wooden frame of the hut as he watches his teammates score points. Then, without even processing it, their eyes meet again.

Now George wants to look away. But still, he doesn't.

Dream is almost like a drug, supplying dopamine to George's brain every second that passes by, making him crave the other's hands on his body. He wants to inject the baseball player into his bloodstream like heroin until he's high off *Dream* — until he's addicted.

"Hey, pretty boy!" Dream shouts, walking over to the fence, "Come here for a second!"

Disbelief settles over George's world for a moment, pointing to himself and mouthing a small 'me?' Dream nods to him, a smirk falling across complex features. He can feel the eyes of the crowd around him penetrating through his skin, waiting for him to make his move.

Sapnap nudges George in the side. "Go get him, lover boy."

Without the willful knowledge of moving, George makes his way down the bleachers. Nervous butterflies flutter in his stomach, almost making him feel nauseous as he walks over to the fence Dream is leaned against.

It's almost embarrassing how timid his voice is, shaking with shyness as he speaks. "Yes?"

Only when George looks up to meet the player's eyes does he realize just how tall and big Dream actually is. It makes him flush red more than he already is.

"What's your name, sweetheart?"

His voice sounds like sweet liquor and poison, seeping under George's skin in the most intoxicating way possible. The smallest of freckles peek out from under smeared black, which look messier up close, and green pierces through George as Dream waits for a response to his question.

"It's, uh, it's George."

"What a pretty name for a pretty face," Dream smiles, eyes scintillating like stars as the sun beams down on his face, "I'm Dream."

A light laugh crawls out of George's mouth. "I know. Your fans won't stop cheering it."

"I haven't seen you cheer it yet," Dream says, tongue darting out the lick at his lips.

George shrugs, teasing out, "Maybe I'm not a fan of you."

"I could make you be."

The subtle arousal that the words leave in George's gut gets ignored. "Yeah? How's that?"

"I'm better with showing rather than telling."

"Then show me."

Something dark ignites behind Dream's eyes, his gaze falling to George's lips for a brief moment. The tension is thick in the air around them, almost too obvious to anyone who dared to listen in on their conversation. Burning glares of the crowd rip through George's skin, leaving a small

impression of humiliation for anyone sorry enough to hear Dream's flirty tone as he speaks.

"Meet me behind the stadium in ten. I'll do more than have you cheer my name." With a wink in George's direction, Dream heads back to his seat, leaving the boy in a fit of hazy arousal that shouldn't be affecting him as much as it is.

George doesn't waste time mouthing to his friends that he's going to run to the restroom, almost speed-walking to where Dream requested him to go. Sapnap grins at him from up in the bleachers, seeing right through the false words but says nothing.

The wait isn't long, but it feels like it. The roaring of the crowd echoes from under the stadium, penetrating every thought in George's mind of what Dream will do to him once his hands are on pale skin. George wants to think Dream will tease him until he begs for everything he wants in the world — he would do it either way.

His cock is half-hard in his jeans just from the thought of Dream doing whatever he pleases with George. He slides down the concrete of the stadium, pulling his knees to his chest, and waits for Dream to show up like he said he would.

Dream's essence fills the void in George's heart the moment his voice reverberates off the walls of the stadium. "Hi, sweetheart."

The nickname pushes George into a headspace he hasn't been in for far too long. "Hi," George hums, trailing his eyes over Dream's body as he stalks closer, bending down in front of George.

Tentative fingers brush over the tops of George's knees, just barely pulling them apart before pushing them back together. "Still wanna cheer my name?" Dream asks, lilted with sugary darkness that compels George to whimper in agreement.

Dream smells of sweat and expensive cologne, lingering with the pith of excitement in George's mind as a hand reaches out to cup his face. Without meaning to, George leans into the touch, almost purring like a cat from the calloused thumb that swipes across his cheekbone ever-so-tenderly. It's soft, gentle, and it makes George slip even further.

Plush lips connect with his, the action hesitant though still pressing on the edge of rough-like intentions. George can taste the salty twinge of sweat on Dream's mouth, but he disregards it, lulling into the kiss almost immediately.

There's an overwhelming sense to please Dream to the best of his ability that's nagging at the back of George's head, telling him to be good for the baseball player. Roaring sounds of the crowd are blurred with breathy whines that are muffled by Dream's mouth, only encouraging the man to kiss George harder — just to see if he'll make more.

Small hands tug at the collar of Dream's jersey, fisting the fabric with the bawl of his fist as he tries to bring Dream closer. Dream bites at his lips, a light warning to not be too desperate, but George could care less; all he wants is to be kissed breathless.

Tangerine slips through George's bones with every slick exchange of saliva, cock now straining his jeans from pure want and lust. The only thought that seems to be available being that of Dream's name. He wants to scream it. Shout it with frantic pleas into the open air, so everyone knows who is pleasing him in the ways no one else can.

It's addicting, dark red with wilted rose petals that scatter over the lands of desperation.

"Please," George whimpers against Dream's mouth, thighs trembling from blissful yearns, "I want

you, please, Dream.”

The boy smirks, pressing chaste kisses to George’s lips before pulling back. “Stand up, baby.”

Hands interlock with George’s, helping him stand on his feet before his back is pressed into the wall, and their kissing once again. Dream licks into George’s mouth, pushing their tongues together in a way that has George moaning, rolling his hips to meet Dream’s.

Sweet venom seeps under George’s skin, favoring the taste of *Dream* on his tongue. It has his whole world crumbling down to ashes as he gives himself over to the baseball player, letting him have free reign over George’s body.

When George agreed to come to a baseball game with his friends, he never thought it would end up with one of the star players shoving their tongue down his throat as he’s kissed silly. But he’s thankful for it.

Tender strokes of Dream’s name carves itself out in pretty words under George’s skin, strong hands coming to rest on his hips. Dream kisses down his jaw, sucking lightly at the pale expanse of George’s neck in the hope of leaving cute little marks that’ll turn purple come tomorrow. And George is more than okay with it. He wants Dream’s imprint on his skin for the rest of eternity.

“So good for me, sweetheart,” Dream mumbles, hands slipping under the fabric of George’s shirt.

The risk of doing this with Dream in such a public place should blare alarms in George’s head, but instead, it only encourages erotic fantasies of being caught. That rush of adrenaline he gets with every cheer of the crowd above is intoxicating, impairing his rationality.

Cold hands ghost along the sides of George’s ribs, uncut nails prompting the slightest of shivers to erupt through his body. George is desperate, hushed whines falling out of his mouth with every swipe of Dream’s tongue over his skin.

“Dream,” he whines again, “Please, I *need* you in me.”

With a sudden push, George is flipped around, chest flush with the concrete wall as Dream presses up against his ass, letting him feel the outline of his cock. “You need me?” Dream whispers, hot breath fanning the shell of George’s ear.

“Yes,” George whimpers, pushing back on Dream’s cock, “Please fuck me.”

Grinning, Dream lets his hands wrap around to unzip George’s pants, pulling them down, along with his underwear, to pool around his shoes. “You’ll have to be quiet, okay?” George nods in agreement.

George can feel the second warm spit trails over his hole, a cold finger circulating at his entrance before slowly pushing in. Soft moans laced with gentle lust fall from George’s throat as Dream sinks to the first knuckle. He places his palms on the stadium’s walls, pushing his ass back on Dream’s finger to silently ask for more. Slowly, Dream pulls out before pressing back in.

The spit is barely enough to aid with the movements, but it’s the only thing Dream can work with. With subtle movements, Dream pulls out, forcing George to feel the drag of his finger before pressing in again.

George is responsive, struggling to keep in his sounds as Dream begins to fuck him on one of his fingers. He forces George to feel every drag of his finger as it presses against his walls, his prostate. George lets out a small whine as Dream brushes past that little bundle of nerves he knows will

make George whimper and moan his name with cursive. Even still, Dream avoids it, pretending as if he never found it in the first place.

He reaches around, wrapping his hand around George's cock to add that slightest slither of extra stimulation. It only makes George moan louder, his sounds echoing off concrete walls before being silenced almost immediately.

Spit coats over George's hole again, Dream pressing in his index finger next to his middle as his other hand is busy jerking George off. The pleasure of it all is enough to have a coil of arousal tightening in George's stomach, threatening to snap with every jerk of Dream's hand and every curve of his fingers.

Each noise that's coaxed from George's throat only encourages Dream to finger him faster, spreading his fingers apart in a scissoring motion and jabbing that sensitive bundle with every thrust.

Beads of sweat form over George's forehead, chocolate-colored hair sticking to his skin as hushed moans escape from the depth of his chest. Dream's thumb swipes over the head of his cock, collecting the gathered precum and spreading it over his length. The stimulation is enough to have him barely thrusting into Dream's fist before meeting with the pads of Dream's fingers that curl inside of him.

It's oh-so intoxicating, and George can not get enough of it. He wants to be branded with Dream's name until he dies. And before he knows it, a third finger worms its way inside of him.

He's high on the feeling of *Dream*, just like he wanted. Dream's fingers fill him up in ways he couldn't do on his own, hits spots George never knew could be reached, and it makes everything feels so much better — better than George could ever imagine.

The coil threatens to release, his orgasm on the verge of pushing him over the edge. "Dream," George pants, moans breathy, "Dream, I'm so close, please."

"Go ahead, princess. Cum for me."

Kisses are planted on the nape of George's neck, Dream's fingers never relenting from inside and hand speeding up its fast movements. His thighs tremble with need, knees on the verge of giving out underneath him as he falls off the deep end, making a mess of Dream's hand and painting it white with warm cum. Mumbles of '*thank you*' escape from George's mouth as Dream helps him through his orgasm.

It's a moment of pure bliss and satisfaction that George will never get enough of, and from this moment on, he knows he'll never feel as good as Dream makes him; he'll crave the way of Dream's fingers for eons.

Dream's motions falter until they're completely gone, pulled away from George's grasps, and left with nothing but pure delight.

Metal clangs out into the air, a small *thud* sounding on the ground as Dream throws his belt to the side. Desperation flows through the marrow of their bones, igniting flames of invisible need that draw them together. The shuffling of clothes is heard from behind before something slick presses up against George's hole. He already knows what it is without having to see it.

"Step out your jeans, baby," Dream whispers, helping George do as much. He slicks his cock up with a generous amount of spit he could muster up before flipping George around, hooking his

arms under pale thighs to lift him up. George wraps his legs around Dream's waist on instinct as Dream guides the head of his cock inside, pressing in slowly.

Stuttered gasps fall out into the air, blooming petals of pride in Dream's chest as George swallows his cock. George leans his head back against the wall, eyes fluttering shut at the feeling of Dream's cock filling him up so well.

"God, you're so big, Dream," he moans, "so fucking big, oh my god."

"Yeah?" Dream smirks, bottoming out inside of George, "Wanna cheer my name now?"

"I wanna scream it." It's an empty promise. George knows he can't scream Dream's name in the way he wants to. He'd risk Dream's career, but there's always next time — hopefully.

Dream experiments with shallow thrusts, each one hitting George's prostate with ease. George threads his fingers through dark blond waves of hair, not minding it to be wet with sweat; he's sure he is just as bad. Moans of encouragement bounce off the walls of the stadium, reminding George of their sinful predicament.

Anyone could walk behind the stands at any moment and find Dream with his cock buried inside of George, and that alone makes it oh-so enticing. Part of George wants to be caught, wants to be watched as he's fucked senseless by Dream, wants to stare into the eyes of whoever it is and beg for them to stay and enjoy the show. It's wicked, but it makes George flutter with beautiful arousal as Dream starts to fuck him properly.

Flashes of white spark in the caverns of George's body with every thrust of Dream's cock, every jab against his prostate that erupts sweet moans that should've been hushed. It isn't rough. It's far from it, but it's calculated, precise, and enough to have George turning his nails to Dream's shoulder, crumpling the fabric of polyester.

Dream fucks him so well, drawing out pretty whines that are drowned out by the crowd above them that's oblivious to what's going on just below.

"Harder," George begs, meeting eyes with Dream, "Please."

And he gets exactly what he wants. Dream's hips snap up faster, the sound of skin on skin echoing on the walls with fierce passion, moans becoming louder and louder to the point Dream has to kiss George to shut him up. It's sloppy, spit-coated, and nothing less than loving.

By now, George's cock is hard again, pleats of overstimulation accompanying the bubble of arousal that's just barely on the verge of popping. He breaks the kiss, nestling his head in the crook of Dream's neck, attaching his lips to the skin in a poor attempt to keep his noises muffled.

"So fucking good for me, sweetheart," Dream praises softly, voice low and almost as wrecked as George's, "So tight, god fuck, I'm gonna cum."

George clenches around Dream, his moans being soaked up by the tan flesh of the baseball player's neck. "Inside," he whispers brokenly, begging to feel Dream fill him up with his seed.

All it takes is a few shallow thrusts before Dream spills inside George, painting his insides white with cum. George whimpers at the feeling, tightening his legs around Dream's waist in an attempt to get Dream's cock further inside. For a moment, Dream uses George to aid himself through his orgasm, moaning in George's ear with soft prose that's sickly sweet with honey.

Dream pulls out, releasing his grip on George's body. Before George can protest, whine out how

he still hasn't come, a hand wraps around his cock, stopping whatever sentence immediately.

A calloused hand jerks George off once more, quick and controlled, rubbing over each area of sensitivity that George didn't know could feel so good. His thighs are trembling, barely able to stand as he whimpers and whines at the feeling of Dream's hands on his dick. And without a second to spare, the bubble pops, and George is coming undone for the second time.

Breathy gasps litter the air, Dream's hand slowing down to mediocre strokes as George comes down from his high. He feels cum dripping down the inside of his thighs; he can only assume it's Dream's. For a moment, they share tender looks of something akin to gentle admiration, a dumb smile falling over Dream's face.

"What?" George questions, feigning annoyance.

"Nothing, it's just—" Dream cuts off with a laugh, "I wasn't expecting to spend half of my baseball game fucking someone as pretty as you."

Rolling his eyes, George groans, pushing Dream away as he bends down to pick his pants up from the ground. "The one time I go to a sports event," he mumbles, reaching into the pocket of his jeans to pull out a pack of tissues. *How convenient.*

He fiddles with the pack for a moment, struggling to get the tissues out. Dream laughs at his failures, taking the small package from his grasps. "Turn around," Dream requests.

"You're not actually gonna clean your cum from my ass, are you?"

"Yes," Dream grabs George by the shoulders, turning him around to press his chest flush with the concrete, "It's the least I can do before I have to go back to my game."

Silence blankets the air with a comforting presence as George lets Dream do whatever. Soft giggles and hushed hisses seem to be the only thing that breaks through the tranquillity. It feels natural — Dream does, and George doesn't think he would have it any other way.

"Next time," Dream starts, crumpling up a dirty tissue before throwing it to the side, "I won't be so gentle on you. You know, so you'll scream my name like you wanted to earlier."

"Next time?"

Embarrassment flashes across Dream's features as they start to tug their clothes back on; it's almost cute in a way. "W-Well yeah, only if you'd like, of course."

"Of course, I would," George smiles, reaching into the pocket of his jeans once they're back on, "Here, put your number in." Dream enters his number into the keypad of George's phone with a lazy smile, saving his contact under the name '*Clay <3.*'

"It was nice to meet you, George," Dream hands the phone back.

Before leaving, Dream gives one final kiss, tender above all things. It makes George want to fall into the comfort of Dream's arms and never leave his side no matter what. And when George is back in the bleachers, face red, hair wet with sweat, and barely-there hickeys poking from the collar of his shirt, Sapnap is ready to tease him.

"Seems like you had fun with Mr. Lover Boy, yeah?"

Squinting, George plops down in his seat, pulling out his phone to shoot Dream a quick text and

never answering Sapnap's inquiry.

Hope your team wins :] I'm cheering for u !!

His eyes find Dream glancing towards his phone, a smile creeping over his features as he throws George a warm smile. Dream plucks the device from his duffel bag, fingers flying over the keyboard.

You're adorable.

Introduce me to your friends after the game. They seem cool.

End Notes

:)

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